

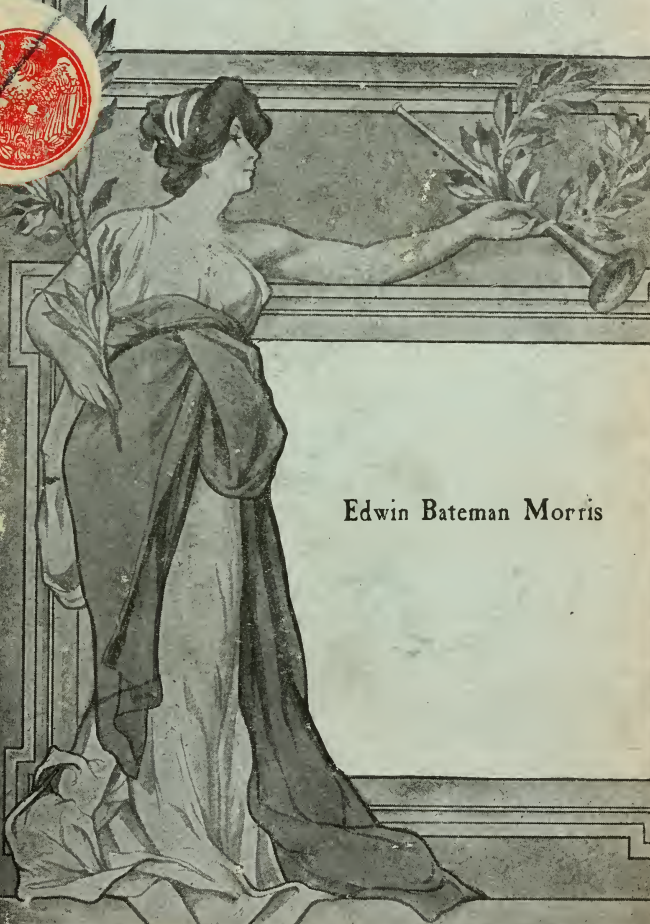
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# In the Line of Duty

Edwin Bateman Morris



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# In the Line of Duty

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A Military Drama in Two Acts

BY

EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS

Author of "THE FRESHMAN," "THE ARCTIC  
ARCHITECTS," etc.



PHILADELPHIA  
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# In the Line of Duty

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## CHARACTERS

JACQUELIN ENRIGHTY . . . . . *a Virginia girl.*  
MRS. ENRIGHTY . . . . . *her mother.*  
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HARDY, U. S. A. . . *a Union officer.*  
CAPTAIN WARREN COOKE, C. S. A. . . *of the Confederate  
army.*  
HENRY . . . . . *a servant.*  
A SERGEANT. /

PERIOD :—Autumn, 1864.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION :—One hour.

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## COSTUMES

JACQUELIN wears costume of the sixties—a light dress—very simply made, fitting closely the shoulders and arms, full in skirt, low at the throat with flat lace collar or trimming; white stockings and black pumps with bows of black narrow ribbon tied over the insteps. If possible the hair should be parted and a ribbon worn in it. Shawl.

MRS. ENRIGHTY. Black dress of the period, shawl, keys at belt, brooch or breastpin at throat.

HARDY. Dusty blue uniform, boots over trousers, belt, holster and old-fashioned long Colt's revolver, cap.

COOKE. Act I, blue uniform coat much the worse for wear, dingy civilian trousers, no hat. Act II, gray uniform, sword, pistol, cap, boots.

HENRY. Shabby dark suit.

SERGEANT. Blue suit, dusty; boots in trousers, cap.

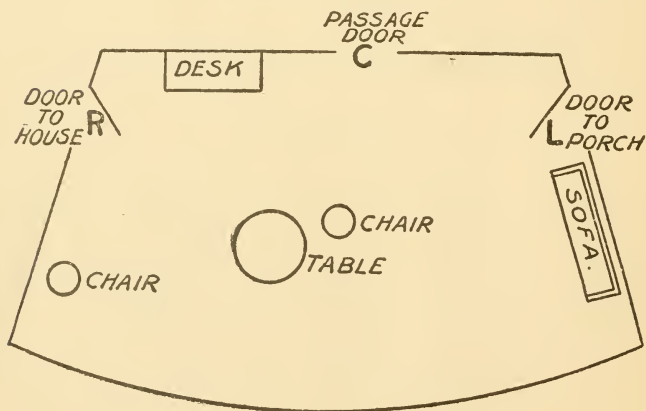
## PROPERTIES

ACT I.—Rug, with sword rolled up in it. Match-safe, with matches, hung against wall, R. Bell on table. Paper and pencil for Jacquelin. Dust-pan for Henry. Cigar and revolver for Hardy.

ACT II.—Candles on table, mantel, etc. Bell on table. Sewing materials for Jacquelin. Cloak for Hardy. Revolver for Cooke.

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## SCENE PLOT



# In the Line of Duty

## ACT I

SCENE.—*Room in MRS. ENRIGHTY'S house. Door R. U. E. to house. Door L. U. E. to porch. Door C. to secret passage. This is best arranged as a secret door in paneling. But if this is not practicable, a curtain or tapestry may be hung against wall, concealing door. Or by slight changes in the lines, the passage may be supposed to open at the back of a closet. The door of the closet in this case is not concealed, but the entrance to the passage is supposed to be concealed within the closet. Table and chair C. Chair down R. Sofa down L. Desk or "secretary" up R. Match-safe on wall up R.*

*(Enter HARDY and SERGEANT, L.)*

HARDY. Put a guard all around the house, and see to it that this man does not escape.

SERGEANT. Yes, lieutenant.

HARDY. He is a rebel officer, but he is in civilian clothes, they say.

SERGEANT. We will get him, lieutenant.

HARDY. All right. That will do.

*(SERGEANT salutes and exits, L. HARDY follows slowly; exit, L.)*

*(Enter JACQUELIN and MRS. ENRIGHTY, R.)*

MRS. E. Jacquelin, what shall we do?

JACQUELIN. Never mind, mother. We will get him out.

MRS. E. If we had only let him go half an hour ago.

JACQUELIN. Well, mother, we didn't know. We did our best.

MRS. E. They are sure to get him now.

JACQUELIN. There, there, mother. You will be crying in a moment. Run along now and lie down. I will try to arrange this.

MRS. E. Very well, dear. You know what to do, I'm sure.

*(Exit, R.)*

*(JACQUELIN looks about her and then opens door in the paneling, C.)*

*(Enter HARDY, suddenly, L.)*

HARDY. Oh, there is a door there then.

JACQUELIN. It's a closet.

HARDY. For what purpose?

JACQUELIN. Oh, we keep—just a few pieces of silver there.

HARDY. Just a few pieces of silver?

JACQUELIN. Yes.

HARDY. I am interested in silver. I shall look. If you will stand aside——

JACQUELIN. This is a private affair and is no concern of a Yankee's.

HARDY. Oh, we are concerned in almost everything. I must see it.

JACQUELIN. You are no gentleman.

HARDY. No, madam, I'm a Yankee. Will you stand aside, or shall I assist you?

*(He takes her arm. JACQUELIN moves from door, C.)*

JACQUELIN. I hate the touch of you.

*(Brushes off arm where he has touched her.)*

HARDY. Don't brush it. It's Virginia dust, I assure you. *(Looks into closet.)* What a long closet it is, to be sure. With a stairway in it. It would hold a great deal of silver.

JACQUELIN. Well, I hope you are satisfied.

HARDY. Perfectly. It is very interesting.

JACQUELIN. I am glad you find it so. And now have I your permission to go?

HARDY. Your actions are absolutely free in this house

(*turning quickly toward her*), except in aiding or abetting any one to escape from it.

JACQUELIN. Except in aiding or abetting any one to escape from it.

HARDY. I am glad you understand me.

JACQUELIN (*going toward door*). You are such a funny little Yankee.

HARDY. I am sure I am glad you appreciate me.

JACQUELIN. You are like the little tin policeman my brother plays with. He peers about him and peers about him very earnestly, and you feel he is always on the point of finding out something, but he never does.

HARDY. You discourage me.

JACQUELIN. And I suspect the tin policeman thinks I am hiding some one in the house, too. He gave me a searching glance when I passed through the room.

HARDY. You should have had your captain annihilate him on the spot.

JACQUELIN. My what?

HARDY. Perhaps he is a colonel. Or a general.

JACQUELIN. Your Yankee conversation is so disconnected——

HARDY. A little deep for you?

JACQUELIN. No, but if you will say what you mean.

HARDY. I thought you were following me. You understand, of course, why I am staying in this room?

JACQUELIN. To talk to me.

HARDY. Of course. My secondary object, however, is to prevent Captain Gray-Jacket from escaping by this passage—perhaps I should say closet.

JACQUELIN. How clever of you.

HARDY. You will now understand my disconnected Yankee conversation.

JACQUELIN. Everything is clear, since you explain it.

HARDY. If you say he's a colonel, I'll call him a colonel.

JACQUELIN. I know nothing about it.

HARDY. That is, you deny there is a Confederate officer in the house.

JACQUELIN. I shouldn't take the trouble to deny anything so absurd.

HARDY (*going to rear of stage, where a rug is rolled up on the floor*). I hate to interfere with your arrangements, but may I unroll this?

JACQUELIN. Yes, but wouldn't you rather take the nets off the pictures or break the mirrors or do something more amusing?

HARDY. No, this interests me. You see, I did it once before. (*Unrolls rug and discovers sword.*) H'm, a perfectly good, well-kept sword.

JACQUELIN. Of all impertinence. Have you no respect for the dead?

HARDY. For the ——?

JACQUELIN (*steadily*). That was my father's sword.

HARDY. "Warren Cooke, Captain, C. S. A." Your name is not Cooke.

JACQUELIN. It is.

HARDY. Then Captain Cooke is not your father?

JACQUELIN. Yes.

HARDY. And he is dead?

JACQUELIN. Yes.

(*HARDY comes down to table and strikes bell.*)

(*Enter HENRY, R.*)

HARDY. Answer me truthfully. Did Captain Cooke come alone into this house this morning?

HENRY. Yassa, yassa. 'Clare to goodness ——

JACQUELIN. Henry.

HENRY. 'That is, suh, I don' know nothin' ——

HARDY. That will do. (*Exit HENRY, R.*) You didn't speak quite quickly enough. Now, of course, Captain Cooke is not dead?

JACQUELIN. No.

HARDY. And he is not your father?

JACQUELIN. No.

HARDY. I suppose you know he is a spy? (*Goes to door, L., and beckons to SERGEANT without. Enter SERGEANT, L.*) Take ten men and search the house.

(*JACQUELIN starts.*)

SERGEANT (*saluting*). Yes, sir. (*Starts to go.*)

HARDY. And take my horse out of the sun.

SERGEANT. Yes, sir.

(*Exit, L.*)

(During this JACQUELIN writes a note on piece of paper. It must be evident that the note is important, but HARDY does not see it. JACQUELIN rolls paper into small pellet and strikes bell. HARDY starts.)

HARDY. Well, now what?

(Enter HENRY, R.)

JACQUELIN. Henry, sweep up that Yankee dust.

(Points to dust from SERGEANT'S boots.)

HENRY. Yes, Mis' Jac'lin.

(When HARDY is not looking JACQUELIN throws pellet into dust-pan. She points to paper pellet, and HENRY nods. HENRY sweeps up dust and exits R.)

JACQUELIN. You are an interesting little Yankee, aren't you?

HARDY. Are tin policemen interesting?

JACQUELIN. I only called you that to make you angry.

HARDY. And you say this other—for what reason?

JACQUELIN. When a girl loses herself in admiration of a man you must not ask her the reason why.

HARDY. You know you are talking against time. You have a little game.

JACQUELIN. I am absolutely guileless, Mr. Lieutenant. But how could poor little I do anything?

HARDY. I'm sure I am interested to know. I am waiting for it.

JACQUELIN. You have the house surrounded. Your men are searching it. You guard the passage. What can I do?

HARDY. You can be dangerously amiable.

JACQUELIN. Which means lovable?

HARDY. It depends. What does the word love mean in Virginia?

JACQUELIN. It is just a little courtesy a man shows a woman—and vice versa.

HARDY. Which results in —

JACQUELIN. It doesn't result. You're thinking of marrying love.

HARDY. Am I?

JACQUELIN. I suppose you are. In the north you all just marry a girl because she has a good head for managing a

house—or family connections that will advertise your business. Love doesn't enter into it.

HARDY. Of course that's very true.

JACQUELIN. You all are too cold to be in love.

HARDY. I think you are wrong. I have a sister who was engaged to a man in one of the Pennsylvania regiments. He was shot at Antietam. I think if you could have had my opportunity for observation at that time you would not have said just now that we are too cold to be in love.

JACQUELIN. I'm sorry.

HARDY. Why is it the men who ought to return never return? Yesterday I shot an officer in a skirmish on the hill, and he died in our hospital tent. He had left a girl at home too. I would rather have been shot myself.

JACQUELIN. Mr. Lieutenant, you are morbid. You need a cigar.

*(Goes to a drawer of desk up C.)*

HARDY. You don't mean that?

JACQUELIN *(holding up cigar)*. See!

HARDY. I haven't smoked for five weeks.

*(Comes down L.)*

JACQUELIN. Poor little Yankee. Wait now, I'll get you a match. *(She goes R., to get match from match-safe on wall, and makes a signal off stage, R.)* Wasn't it good of me to bring you a match? *(Comes down L.)*

HARDY. Indeed it was. I can see it's an exceptionally fine match, too. *(Strikes it.)* You promise not to blow it out?

JACQUELIN. Implicitly.

*(Enter COOKE, R., who attempts to steal across back of stage, while HARDY is apparently occupied with the girl, and escape through passage door. But just as he is about to open it, HARDY wheels about and holds him up with his revolver.)*

*(To make this scene effective COOKE should go slowly and stealthily toward the passage door; and HARDY should seem all intent on the cigar, so that the audience will be almost sure that the other is going to escape. HARDY's movement must be instantaneous. From the man indo-*



*lently lighting his cigar with the situation all against him, in a twinkling he becomes the soldier with drawn revolver and the game in his own hands. He must contrive to drop the match and with the same movement drop his right hand to his revolver so that he can make a lightning "hold-up.")*

HARDY. Captain Cooke!

COOKE. Yes.

HARDY. You're not going?

COOKE. Oh, no, I'm in no hurry.

HARDY. I suppose you know, Captain Cooke, that it is usual for officers in the Confederate army to wear the Confederate uniform?

COOKE. Yes, if they have such a thing.

HARDY. And that it is certainly a military error to masquerade as a sutler?

COOKE. I will explain that at the proper time.

HARDY. I hope you can. It may require some tact.

*(Goes toward door, L.)*

JACQUELIN. What are you going to do?

HARDY. This gentleman must be put under arrest. I am going to call a guard.

JACQUELIN *(closing the door, L., and throwing herself against it)*. Is Captain Cooke a prisoner of war?

HARDY. No, he's a spy. They will hang him, I'm afraid. Would you mind opening the door?

JACQUELIN. You will be his murderer.

HARDY. If you do not open the door, I will.

JACQUELIN. The only thing he did was to get a few maps. If he gives them up what harm can it do to let him go?

HARDY. That is not my duty.

JACQUELIN. Have you no pity?

HARDY. Pity is not within the province of a mere lieutenant. *(Goes to door.)*

JACQUELIN. Think of the girl who loves him.

HARDY. The girl who loves him?

JACQUELIN. Yes, I love him.

HARDY. You! *(Opens door slowly, a little way.)*

JACQUELIN (*catching his arm*). Mr. Lieutenant, will you kill him? The man I love?

(HARDY *hesitates and then closes the door.*)

HARDY (*to COOKE*). Give me those maps.

COOKE. There! (*Throws down dispatches.*)

HARDY. Is that all?

COOKE. Yes.

HARDY. Then go!

COOKE. God bless you.

HARDY. Go, quick! Before I change my mind. Go!

JACQUELIN. I'll show you the way.

(*Exeunt JACQUELIN and COOKE, c.*)

HARDY. That's one of the things I wasn't taught at West Point.

(*Enter SERGEANT, l.*)

SERGEANT. The man is not in the house, sir.

HARDY. I thought not. Very good.

SERGEANT. Shall we search further?

HARDY. I hardly think it will be worth while. (*Exit*

SERGEANT, l. *Enter presently JACQUELIN, c.*) Well, is he safe?

JACQUELIN. Yes, I want to thank ——

HARDY. Don't do that. Good-bye. I must go.

JACQUELIN. Good-bye. Oh, Lieutenant —— I don't know your name.

HARDY. Hardy.

JACQUELIN. Lieutenant Hardy, I have something to tell you——something amusing.

HARDY. Then tell me.

JACQUELIN. I am sure you will be relieved. I don't love Captain Cooke at all. I never saw him until to-day.

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. A week later. Evening. Candle on table, etc. Discovered—*JACQUELIN and HENRY.

JACQUELIN. Did you find Lieutenant Hardy?

HENRY. Yas, Mis' Jac'lin. I done fin' him. Yo' jest trest ole Henry. I goes along dis yere long street of tents—limping along, first de Methodist foot and den de Baptist foot (Mars' Darby used to call it de Baptist foot 'cause it done shrunk, Mis' Jac'lin) and one of dem cap'ns he comes over and 'lows, "Whah ye goin', Uncle Dick?" "Law, boss man," I say, "I's goin' see Lieutenant Hardy," I say. "What's yo' 'fair wid de lieutenant?" he inquire. "I's got a message from Mis' Jac'lin Darby," I says. "Who's she?" he says, and law bless me, Mis' Jac'lin, he ain't never heard of the Darbys of Fauquier County.

JACQUELIN. Not really?

HENRY. It's de truf, Mis' Jac'lin. And he take my letter into one of the tents, and in de co'se of a few minutes out comes de lieutenant wid a grea' big swo'd jangling, and he say, "Yo' tell Miss Darby it's impossible for me to come." And then another cap'n put his oar in and 'low he better go. And de lieutenant 'spond he be dam—he say he be hanged, Mis' Jac'lin—if he go.

JACQUELIN. And he's not coming?

HENRY. No, Mis' Jac'lin.

JACQUELIN. Thank you, Henry. Will you light the candles before you go?

HENRY. Yas'm.

*(Lights candles. Exit, R.)*

*(Enter MRS. E., R.)*

JACQUELIN. Mother, he wouldn't come.

MRS. E. I'm very glad he wouldn't. I hope I shall never see one of the creatures darken my door again.

JACQUELIN. But I did such a detestable thing.

MRS. E. Jacquelin, I am surprised to hear you say so.

Nothing we Southern women can do for our country is detestable.

JACQUELIN. Not even lying?

MRS. E. But it saved a man's life.

JACQUELIN. Well, perhaps it was best. But I should like to have seen the lieutenant.

MRS. E. (*rising*). Jacquelin, you are impossible. Do you suppose Yankees have hearts and minds? No. Then what is the use of explaining anything to them?

JACQUELIN. I do want to explain to him.

MRS. E. (*severely*). Jacquelin, do you like this Yankee?

JACQUELIN. Mother! I never heard of anything so absurd.

MRS. E. Have you seen him since that day?

JACQUELIN. Once or twice. On the road.

MRS. E. Did you —

JACQUELIN. No, mother, I didn't. I haven't said a word to him since.

MRS. E. I'm so relieved. Good-night, my dear.

JACQUELIN. Good-night. (*Exit MRS. E., R. JACQUELIN arranges candles, humming a little song, and takes up her sewing. She works on this for a while, and is startled by noise behind scenes.*) What was that? (*Goes to door, L., and opens it.*) No one there. (*She listens a moment and then returns to work. Noise again. She stops to listen. Door of passage opens and HARDY enters, C.*) You!

HARDY. Yes.

JACQUELIN. I thought you said you—you'd be hanged if you came?

HARDY. I couldn't stay away. I found the end of that passage several days ago. I came by it to-night because we had sudden orders to march.

JACQUELIN. To-night?

HARDY. To-night. They wouldn't give me leave. So I came by the passage.

JACQUELIN. But won't you be left?

HARDY. No. I have a little time. I believe you had something to say to me.

JACQUELIN. It is that I am sorry I had to mislead you —

HARDY. That does lots of good now, doesn't it?

JACQUELIN. It is all I can do now. It was perfectly proper of me then—as a war-time measure.

HARDY. You made me betray a trust just to please you.

JACQUELIN. Now, listen. He was a Confederate. I am a Confederate. It was my plain duty to help. You will insist on imagining the war is a pink tea. Which it isn't.

HARDY. I am aware of that. So that was what you wanted to tell me? Good-bye.

JACQUELIN. But you forgive me, don't you?

HARDY. No.

JACQUELIN. Are you always going to hate me?

HARDY. I didn't say I hated you.

JACQUELIN. But you meant it. Poor Jacquelin Darby.

HARDY. Why do you spell your name E-n-r-i-g-h-t-y, and pronounce it Darby?

JACQUELIN. E-n-r-i-g-h-t-y always spells Darby in Virginia.

HARDY. Why should it?

JACQUELIN. Because long ago the Darbys, in order to inherit some lands, had to change their name to E-n-r-i-g-h-t-y, and since then they have always written it that way and pronounced it Darby.

HARDY. How interesting that is. And when you are married will you still pronounce it Darby and write it—well —

JACQUELIN. Hardy, did you say?

HARDY (*much embarrassed*). Of course the year 1864 is a leap year, but —

JACQUELIN. Oh, for shame. And I've been the perfect pink of propriety.

HARDY. You are a very dangerous flower. Good-night.

JACQUELIN. Let Henry get your horse. (*Strikes bell.*) What flower is it that is so dangerous you are stupefied by merely walking by it?

HARDY. I don't know. But I know I should avoid it.

(*Enter HENRY, R.*)

JACQUELIN. Henry, Lieutenant Hardy's horse.

HARDY. Go down to the end of the passage. He's tied to a tree. You won't have any trouble bringing him back.

HENRY. Yassir.

(*Exit HENRY, C.*)

JACQUELIN. But the worst of it is you never know about

the flower until afterward. It is like falling in love, Lieutenant Hardy. You never know until too late.

HARDY. Don't you?

JACQUELIN. Don't refer to me in that deferential way. As if I were an expert.

HARDY. Were you never in love?

JACQUELIN. Once.

HARDY. Would you consider it no more than thoughtful of me to ask who he was?

JACQUELIN. It would show an interest. Won't you take off your cloak, Mr. Yankee? It will take ages to get your horse.

HARDY. Thank you. (*Takes off cloak and puts it over back of chair.*) Was he good-looking?

JACQUELIN. Oh, no.

(*Enter HENRY, C.*)

HENRY. Yo' ho'se is ready, sah.

HARDY. Be there in a minute.

HENRY. Shall I blanket him?

HARDY. Oh, no.

HENRY. Yas, sah.

(*Exit, L.*)

HARDY. Perhaps it would also be no more than thoughtful of me to ask if you still love him?

JACQUELIN. Think of being a horse and having to wait around in the dark until some one got good and ready. Oh, yes, I still love him.

HARDY. And do you intend to marry him, by any chance?

JACQUELIN. Would you consider it any more than thoughtful of me to ask whether that is really any business of yours?

HARDY. Wouldn't he ask you?

JACQUELIN. To tell you the honest truth, I don't think he had the nerve to ask me.

HARDY. Does it require nerve?

JACQUELIN. It is a tremendous undertaking.

HARDY. I should think if he memorized it all beforehand and looked the other way —

JACQUELIN. Look at me, Mr. Yankee. If you were proposing to me —

HARDY. This is just for the sake of argument?

JACQUELIN. Purely. If you were proposing to me, am I so unattractive you'd have to turn your head away?

HARDY. Come closer to the light. Well, you have nice eyes.

JACQUELIN. Don't dissect me. Am I so unattractive you'd turn away?

HARDY. Oh, I shouldn't look at you from that standpoint at all. You see, we Yankees estimate a girl with a view as to whether she has a good head to manage a house or whether her family connections will advertise our business.

JACQUELIN. You speak as if you were looking me over with a view to asking me to marry you?

*(Enter HENRY, L.)*

HENRY. Yo' ho'se is getting sort o' oneasy, sah. He done kick down a panel o' pale fence, sah.

HARDY. I'll be out immediately. Put a blanket on him, Henry.

HENRY. Yas, sah. Mis' Jac'lin, there suttinly is a great commotion and goin's on in de Yankee camp. I reckon they is goin' to move.

JACQUELIN. Retreating? Hurrah! Is that so, Mr. Yankee; are they retreating?

HARDY. They are falling back, Miss Jacquelin.

*(Exit HENRY, L.)*

JACQUELIN. Oh, you must go. You will be left and captured, and I should break my heart. Where is the cloak?

HARDY. On the chair. I shall put it on presently.

JACQUELIN. It's a girl's cloak, Mr. Lieutenant. See how well it fits. *(Puts on cloak.)*

HARDY. Please take it off. You look so charming in it I shall be tempted to give it to you, and I'd freeze to death.

JACQUELIN. Wouldn't I have made a good soldier if I had been a man? I know just how to do it. *(Strikes an attitude.)* "Pity is not within the province of a mere lieutenant."

HARDY. You are very good to take me as your model.

JACQUELIN. I haven't taken you at all. But you must go.

HARDY. May I have my cloak?

JACQUELIN. Good-bye, cloak. (*Takes it off.*) He said he would give you to me, even if he froze afterward. But he didn't. He is so fond of comfort.

HARDY. Good-bye.

JACQUELIN. Have you a first name?

HARDY. William.

JACQUELIN. Billy?

HARDY. Yes.

JACQUELIN. Oh, I like that. It's jolly. Good-bye.

HARDY. And—before I go—will you marry me?

JACQUELIN. Oh—Billy! Yes. Why didn't you say so before?

HARDY. There has been so much else to talk about. I haven't had a chance.

(*Enter HENRY, L.*)

HENRY. Law, Miss Jacquelin, a million Confederate sojers is gallopin' down de road. De Yankees am all gone.

JACQUELIN. Quick. The passage. Henry, go keep them from coming in the back door for a minute.

(*Exit HENRY, R.*)

HARDY. Not the passage. It takes me too far out of my way. I'm going out the door.

(*HARDY goes to door L. Noise of shouting without. JACQUELIN drags him back.*)

JACQUELIN. Quick. The passage. I'm sure they saw you.

(*HARDY goes toward passage and then turns back.*)

HARDY. I must have something first.

(*Takes her in his arms.*)

JACQUELIN. Good-bye, dear heart. Now fly.

(*HARDY goes again toward door C.*)

(*Enter COOKE, L., in Confederate uniform.*)

COOKE (*covering HARDY with revolver*). Halt! Never mind your revolver.



JACQUELIN. Oh, Billy, it's my fault.

HARDY (*to COOKE*). Well, you got me.

COOKE. What are you doing here, lieutenant?

HARDY. I was just on the point, captain, of kissing your fiancée.

COOKE. I'm very glad to extend any small courtesy, I'm sure.

JACQUELIN. What are you doing here?

COOKE. The enemy has fallen back. We are in possession.

JACQUELIN. Then my Yankee is a prisoner. He shan't be a prisoner, Captain Cooke. I won't have it. Oh, I ought not to have kept him.

HARDY. Don't make a scene, Jacquelin. It can't be helped.

COOKE. I am afraid the lieutenant must consider himself a prisoner of war.

JACQUELIN. But he is the man I love.

COOKE (*opening door, c.*). Take the passage, sir. Heaven forbid that I should detain any of the men she loves. As my successor, I congratulate you.

JACQUELIN. He's your successor because he succeeded and you didn't.

COOKE. Which is very true. I'll be back in one minute, lieutenant. You'd better not be here then.

HARDY. Thank you, Captain Cooke.

(*Exit COOKE, L.*)

JACQUELIN. Now go. Good-bye.

HARDY. Good-bye.

JACQUELIN. But remember ——

HARDY. Yes?

JACQUELIN. You may escape from the whole Confederate army, but you can't escape from me.

HARDY. And one thing more. Who was the one man you said you loved?

JACQUELIN. He was a nasty little Yankee—Billy!

CURTAIN





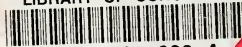








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